

Edgefield Advertiser.

BY SIMMONS, EDITOR & CO.
LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

BY MISS CLARA V. DARGAN.

For the Advertiser.

Chastened.

I.
A pallid moon looks thro' sad clouds,
That strive to hide her gleamings—
On rain-drenched flowers that long have watched
For moon or starry beamings.

II.
Alas! the moon is cold and pale
And not as erst they knew her,
When balmy winds stole from the South,
And she beamed clear thro' ether.

III.
The flowers droop to earth again,
And lean their petals sadly,
And long for morning's genial sun,
To smile upon them gladly.

IV.
Thus our bowed hearts see earthly joys,
In the dark night of sorrow;
Turn from them to a sadder hope,
And wait for Heaven's morrow.

VIRGINIA EARLE.

"That Honest Creature, Becky By-

num."

How refreshing it is to behold her! Such simplicity, such candor, such artlessness! Really, I don't think the equal of Becky exists in this Confederacy. Becky is one of those kind-hearted people who are so much interested in the affairs of her fellow-creatures that she has no spare time for her own; and such is Becky's utter unselfishness that she devotes her days to propagating the most delightful little bits of news; perfectly harmless, you know—Becky never talks scandal!—and when she, generous creature, drops in upon you some bright morning when Snooks has gone off to the store, and you are left in disconsolate solitude to darn stockings and meditate, it is so pleasant to see this honest creature's Roman nose enter your sitting room. She throws aside that cunning little hat with its floating plume (Becky still wears ringlets and hats as she did in our certain knowledge twenty years ago—but then, you know, some people never grow old! "The heart retains its youthfulness"—and draws out from her pocket a sock—(Becky being a plain homely creature, is devoted to the solitaires; knits innumerable socks; in fact, is Vice-President of the "S-M-I-R-S Relief and Aid Association"—and falls to work in a kind of pleasant, trifling, desultory way to talk and knit. What a blessing it is to be a good talker! As I often tell Snooks, Becky Bynum is an accomplished talker, tho' I don't verily believe she knows it, she's so unpretending and humble—but Becky Bynum, says I, would go this world over and never get into trouble; she could entertain the old gentlemen themselves. So winning and pleasant and artful—I mean artless.

I don't wish you to think that this Becky is one of your sort, personating kind of people. Oh, no, she is genuinely candid. As she says herself—"My dear Mrs. Snooks, I have a great many faults, but deceit is not one of them. Would to Heaven!"—and here she clasps her hands and looks up her eyes so pathetically it always most impresses me to apt to forget myself, and when my heart to the grace of the old and unfeeling world!—and that night, I tell Snooks that night, that Becky Bynum is certainly an injured creature, and I know if any body ever did, she deserves a home in some celestial sphere where people can speak out without fear of misinterpretation. Snooks always says "Yes" in a very simple, indifferent kind of a way, tho' I don't believe he ever understands what I am saying. These men are so just to poor little women like Becky Bynum. Some of them, Mrs. Perkins' husband for one, had the unkindness to say she was a meddling, impertinent old maid; but I ever hear Snooks say such a thing I'll, I'll, Well, I don't know what I would do, tho' I think I wouldn't call him "Honey" for a month, and that would not high kill him.

I was seated in the aforementioned manner a few mornings ago when Becky entered.
"My dear Mrs. Snooks," she cried, in her artless way, "I have just run in to chat a little with you; it's such a comfort to be able to talk openly with any one, and you are the only lady in this community I can be honest with, for you are candid itself." So with a little squeeze and a little kiss, Becky seated herself. Off went the cunning hat with its black plumes, and out came the inevitable sock, while I sent Anna Maria out of the room—for I don't think children can appreciate Becky's honesty—and we were quite ready for our "little chat."

"My dear Mrs. Snooks," she began, "I want to tell you something which has been on my mind a long time, but I don't mention it for fear of misinterpretation. I know it will be safe with you."

She smiled, nodded, threw back the "elaborate ringlets," and went on. I don't think I can repeat here what she said, for it was a strange story; but as Becky told it I believe it all as firmly as I do to Bulwer's. I am astonished to hear such things of Captain Higgins, but, as Becky says, "one-half the world never knows what's going on in the other half." If this is what's going on in our content to darn Snooks' socks and remain in ignorance. To think of such heartlessness. But I don't believe Becky minds it at all—as she confesses herself, she has had too many "affaires du coeur" to let it affect her deeply; but she wishes poor Euphrosyne Higgins' eyes should be opened, for he had been gallant and visiting her ever since he deserted—

"Yet my darling Mrs. Snooks, I wouldn't have you mention it for the world. You know what a simple, honest creature I am, and that I confess these things on the impulse of the moment. I would be utterly miserable if I thought poor dear Euphrosyne should ever find out."

I am sure I never betrayed Becky, but somehow I did; and I hear that Captain Higgins went in a rage to Virginia this morning, swearing he never spoke a dozen words to that—I don't repeat the bad name he called poor Becky. That silly creature Euphrosyne Higgins is crying her eyes out after having cent him off. Let us these women!

I confessed it all to Snooks this evening, and instead of saying "Yes" in his old sleepy way, he began to go on just like Mrs. Perkins' husband, and Captain Higgins; and, tho' I did it with tears in my eyes, I was obliged to promise never again to see that "good, honest creature," Becky Bynum.

Hats.
"I'll be a butterfly
Down in a flower—"
But I wouldn't, under any consideration, be a masculine gender when after six hours' hard darning, with occasional (only occasional, you know) interruptions behind the scene, the signal comes for breaking up. If there ever was a miserable creature in the world it is a man when he has to hunt for his hat.

Now you know as well as I do that next to his horse, a man loves his hat; and next to his dog, his hat; and then, if he be of an affectionate disposition, comes his wife! Let me satisfy you, ladies, if your place stands anywhere near the hat, you may be assured of domestic felicity, and a new bonnet every season.

Now, we all admire hats in a general way—every father's daughter of us. There isn't a woman under a "certain age" whose heart does not palpitate audibly at the sight of those adorable, saucy little caps all flagged over with gold lace; and even the most unpretending ones with a respectable black-glazed cover, excite a secret thrill—a kind of "How-much-it-reminds-me-of-John's" emotion. But those abominable abominations of taste and nature—those lacy, don't-care, good-for-nothing old slouched hats, white, brown, black, grey, or dirt-colored—can any body tell me what in the name of all that's ugly they were made for? Not for beauty, I'm sure. With a faded ribbon knotted carelessly around them, one side joked up, and the other side pulled down—the front bent this way—the back twisted that way, men toss them over their dishevelled locks, with a kind of devil-may-care air, and away they strut with the everlasting old pipe between their lips, to be admired. Shades of O'Driscoll and Brumell! And yet I'm firmly persuaded that, consistent with the inconsistency of human nature, these very apologies for chapeaux occupy the warmest places in their affections; and a snub or other I have a misgiving they actually believe these cherished objects handsome and becoming! Miserable delusion!

Of course you have all seen the game of hat-bunting performed after a regular break down, on the part of those unfortunate mortals whose wives hadn't taken possession of the previous article, and held it as a pledge of good behavior; and who could not, as an excuse for longer lingering, turn to his faithful spouse and say—
"I'll say, I'll declare, Marthy, I can't go till I find my hat!"

Ah, the wild longing to see it! The anxious search, the furious search, the maniacal search—oh, shades of all the overwhelming despair in Mr. Toodle face as he implores in his low accents—"Miss Betty, Miss Betty, if I can't find my hat, please send it over in the morning!" Gentlemen, did you all find your hats the other night?

Blessed are they that mourn.
Oh! 'twere but they are blessed alone
Whose lives a peaceful thought keep;
The power that pines man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lid that overflows with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happy years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may hide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And then, who ever thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a happier, brighter shore,
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust deny,
Thy high life's common gifts deny,
Though pierced and broken be his heart,
And spurned of men he go to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long day of time shall pay
For all its children suffer here.

Correct Speaking.—We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abstain as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be past in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use—avoiding at the same time that pedantic pedantry and bombast, which show rather the weakness of vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

Goethe says, somewhere, that each of us, the best at the worst, has within him something—some feeling, some remembrance, that, if known, would make you hate him.

High and beautiful is the lot of the great poet. His life is the world, and the strings on which he plays are the souls of men. When he will it, these tones are called forth, and melt together in divine harmony.—Miss Barrett.

How very desolate that heart must be,
Whose only joyance is in memory.
L. E. L.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: that he thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

If any one speak ill of these, flee home to your conscience and examine thy heart; if thou be guilty, it is a just punishment; if not guilty, it is a false instruction. Make use of both, so shall thou distill honey out of gall, and an enemy make a secret friend.

From the Southern Cultivator.
The Chinese Sugar Cane.
ITS CULTURE, AND CONFEDERATE SYRUP.

The Chinese Sugar Cane, during this war, which will last two years longer, is destined to play an important part in Southern Agriculture, and to furnish our people and army with the only Syrup within our reach. The extravagant pretensions claimed for it, in 1855-56, when first introduced, and when nobody save point and emphasis to enthusiasm, may now be considered obsolete; and, henceforth, this plant will rank, according to its intrinsic merit, for its force and Syrup properties. During the blockade, it will pay better than any crop grown, except Tobacco, and furnish a yield of Syrup nearly equal to that of the West India Sugar Cane. Therefore, its proper culture and manufacture into Syrup should be generally known.

1st. Its Culture.—It is convenient, select a rich sandy soil, or such lands as are commonly known as *Hammocks*, or alluvial sandy bottoms. Where this can't be done, any land will do, which will make crop, with precisely similar results, as to yield, except that in no case, are hard stony clay lands to be planted. It is true, and bear it in mind, that your land planted will yield as many gallons of *Sorgho Syrup* per acre, as it would pecks of corn.

Break up your land broad cast with turn plows, open furrows four feet apart with scowter, drill one peck of seed to the acre continuously in these rows, and cover with scowter, by running up one side and down the other. In eight days knock off the drill rows with hoes, if planted in March, or in five days if in April, and at any time, after a hard rain, before the earth cracks. This will ensure a good stand. I have 120 acres, mostly planted this way, on the 21st and 23rd of March, and the stand is excellent, the plants coming up in 14 to 17 days, after flooding rains and much cold weather.

Where seed is very scarce, lay off the drills four feet apart, and to 10 seed every foot apart, and cover with the soil lightly. If you plant in April or May, and the ground is damp, soak the seed 24 hours before planting.

As the Chinese Sugar Millet matures its seed and stalks in five months you may plant from the 20th of March to the 15th of May, but as in case with all cereals, in this latitude, the earlier the better.

The first working is both delicate and important. The plant now is small, delicate, and of slow growth. Dear in mind, our object now is to clean the drills, and get a good stand, upon which your success for a large crop essentially depends. Here the cultivator must use his good sense and judgment, and either put the hoes before the plows, if very grassy and the plants small, or the plows before the hoes if not grassy, as the condition of the land may indicate.

In this way, he must hoe and plow it out to a stand, say to two or three stalks every 12 or 14 inches, or to one stalk every 8 inches, and that this is the proper culture, as I have said, and the President of the Confederacy would whistle himself blind before he could call our dog from us.—Timothy Ticebold.

TRIP LIGHTLY OVER TROUBLE.
Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong;
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.

Why clasp your hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

LEAVING HOME.—I can conceive of no picture more interesting than one which might be drawn from a young man leaving the home of his childhood, the scene of all his early associations, to try his fortune in a distant country, setting out alone for the "forest." A father on the decline, the downfall of life, gives his parting blessing, invoking the best gifts of Heaven to rest on his beloved offspring, and to crown all his efforts with success; tears gush from his eyes, and words are forced utterance. A kind, most affectionate mother calling after him, as he is departing from the parental abode, and with all the dangers to which he is about to be exposed rushing into and pressing on her mind, she says, "Oh, my son, remember that you are a right way, and a wrong way." Her advice is brief. Longing is inadequate to the expression of the feelings that there crowd on the mind of a virtuous child. Every reader can see a case of this kind, and may have been the subject of one in some respect similar. Here may be found eloquence more touching to him to whom it is delivered, than were the creations of Cicero or Demosthenes.

As old gentlemen, and old ladies, fell in love with a young lady, in a ball-room the young lady dropped her glove. Instantly he picked it up, and, handing it to her, addressed her in the following manner:
"If from glove you take the letter G,
Then glove makes love, which I present to thee."
To which she replied:
"And if from page you take the letter P,
Then Page makes love, and that won't do for me."

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will with the seed, with a small crop, but cut seed off in the field in a large one; the pines in the sun one day and house.

The seed will equal or exceed corn on the same land and containing by chemical analysis 65 per cent. of starch, is about two thirds the value of sugar or rice for feeding stock, or "horse feed," for making whiskey, and will command \$1 per bushel in the market.

The juice, as prepared by the mill, should run through cloth fastened over the receiving tubs, to clear it of all trash.

To Clarify the Juice.—Put the juice in the largest boiler, nearly filling it, and start a gentle fire under it, and put the juice to simmering, not boiling, and keep it so for about 30 minutes, until clarified. This is to be effected, by administering some alkali in solution.

The Best Alkali for this purpose is the super-carbonate of Soda. Put one heaping teaspoonful in a pint of water, dissolve it, and pour it into the boiler of simmering juice, stir it up, and a violent effervescence takes place, rising four inches high, and finally settling in a thick, greenish scum all over the surface of the juice. Skim this off, and repeat the process every few minutes, for about 30 minutes—more or less, but stop it as soon as, but not before all effervescence ceases.

This process will neutralize the sulphuric and phosphoric acids which abound in the Chinese Sugar Cane juice; and the Super-Carb. of Soda is the purest and best alkali for this purpose, as sodium, the base of the peroxide, is lighter than water. The pressure of the mill forces out with the juice a great deal of green feculent matter, which the light alkali takes hold of by the attraction of its acids, and brings to the surface, as scum. The constant skimmings will soon give you a clear juice, capable of making a clear, white, and pure Syrup. This use of soda I discovered in 1857 by experimenting, and experience has fully confirmed its superiority over all alkalis.

The Louisiana and West India Sugar planters use lime to purify the juice. It will neutralize the acids, but I doubt its purifying agency. The lime will readily unite with and neutralize the phosphoric and sulphuric acids, but are not the compounds, the sulphate of lime, or "plaster of Paris," being one, too heavy to elevate the green woody matter to the surface? I think so, and for this reason, unless you wish to eat "plaster of Paris" in medicinal solution, in your syrup, do not use lime in your cane juice.

I am obliged in these views, against the use of lime to clarify and purify syrup, by Dr. Robert Battey, one of the ablest practical agricultural chemists in Georgia. He says, deliberately—"Lime answers a useful purpose, so far as syrup is concerned, save to neutralize the free acid which exists naturally in the cane. Lime darkens the color, and, to my taste, detracts from the grateful flavor of the syrup." I regret that Dr. Battey did not go farther, and give the reasons why Lime does not clarify. I have already suggested its specific gravity, as a base, as being too heavy as the reason.

If soda cannot be had, have ready strong lime from green limbeck ash. This alkaline solution is the next best to that of Soda, and apply it in the same way.

After the juice is both neutralized of its free acids and purified of its fecula, which have been seen and known by the cessation of effervescence and the transparency of the juice, then boil down to the syrup point.

In the absence of instruments, which cannot be had, be sure you boil enough. It is safer to err by boiling too much, than not enough. As a general guide, you have to go by eye sight, and as but few in the South ever paid any attention to it heretofore, I will give certain general rules which should be observed.

1st. Boil down until the syrup is about 1-5th of the original quantity of juice, that is 6 gallons of juice will average one gallon of syrup.

2nd. Boil down until the syrup, being reduced to about 1-5th of the original quantity, will hang in flakes on the rim of the dipper, as you pour it out, and suspend it in the air.

3rd. Boil down until all water is expelled. This may be seen and known, when the syrup being reduced to about 1-5th of its original quantity of juice, throws up jets some 6 inches high; this latter is the water scumming as steam; continue to boil until these jets cease; then strike off your syrup into tubs, and when cool, barrel it.

The Barrels.—Put up your syrup in cypress barrels; white oak barrels will not hold syrup. Several large planters put their syrup in paper tins. These will hold the syrup, but the oxygen of the atmosphere will corrupt it, as it has done, and it will thus have so much surface to act on.

In conclusion, the Chinese Sugar mill is an industrial plant of great utility to the South, in these days of trial, blockade, and war. Its value is equal to that of corn, and its seed is equal to 3 1/2 of corn, and its syrup nearly equal to that of sugar house molasses, yielding as many gallons of syrup per acre, as the land can pecks of corn.

Lined at Arnold, trembled on the banks of the Hudson, as he hesitated, whilst awaiting the message of Clifton and the appearance of Andrew! So the Southern planter who now stealthily puts in cotton, making terms with Lincoln, and ready to sell his Country's independence for gold.

Let us cultivate this crop as largely as possible. It will enable us to feed our people at home, and to send meat, bacon and beef to our gallant armies, who are now standing sentinels upon the confines of our territory, and, when hungry, now living upon the fields of their glory, and of our Independence or Egyptian bondage.

Editorial, Ala., 1863.
W. TOWSE.

The Blessings of a Rural Life.
Cultivate a love for the country; the serene joys which a rural life can afford are far preferable to the noisy, and alas, too often, vicious gratifications which we seek amid the whirl of a city life. The city, as it were, ties the soul's affections to the earth—the works and ways of the World. In it too often hide from our eyes the fair face of Nature, and lead us to forget the glories of God who made us, and to grieve we are indebted for life, and health, and all things.

Vapid, empty and artificial are the joys of a city life when compared with the sacred delights which a rural residence can give to a mind highly constituted. Solitary communion with nature is one of the holiest delights which the world can bestow—a delight which is pure to benefit the mind which enjoys it. Parity is established on Nature's firm; and communion with her is sure to fill the soul with all that is pure, and lovely, and of good report.

In every season of the year, a residence in the country has a beneficial effect on the human soul. In Spring, when the trees again put on their singing robes, and murmur forth the praises of Him who made them. Spring has a tendency to give buoyancy to the spirit—that heart is called which does not awake and sing when all things around are beaming with hope and promise.

In Summer, the blushing flowers are seen amid rural retreats, and seem, methinks, like stolen glories from Paradise; then the singing birds trill forth melodies, the purest and the sweetest on earth, and which may well raise the thoughts away from this vanishing world of ours to the glory-land beyond.

In Autumn, the country teaches us wisdom lessons; the whispers that are heard when the leaves are falling, seem, methinks, sweet echoes from the angel world, telling that we too, must soon fade and vanish like the leaves of the forest, and be found no more on earth at all.

In Winter, we are led to reverse the wisdom of a farmer of Him with all his thins well stored with food, and to seek a snowy mountain to embrace, or a snowy mountain to embrace, or a snowy mountain to embrace, and to send the storms to purify the atmosphere, and to rain to cause the earth to bring forth fruit in its season.

To the thoughtful mind, reflections such as these are suggested by a rural life, which should not be deemed as listless and unpleasant. Communion with Nature can give more real joy than man ever found in the pursuit of the pleasures of a city life.

Many of our soldiers being constantly subject to change of water and trying exposure, suffer from the flux. An almost immediate remedy for this painful affection of the bowels is found, says an old head, in the use of sage tea, with some red pepper stirred in it. Let it be drunk at intervals, and in a short time the patient will be entirely relieved.

Day all the Fruits and Vegetables possible this year. They will be needed by our armies. Beets, carrots, and other roots, may be grated and dried, and tomatoes, okra, &c., sliced and dried, then packed away in cloth bags or boxes. Fruits of all kinds should, also, be dried in quantities for our brave soldiers. We will have an article on this subject in our next number; but it is now time to begin the work, as some vegetables and fruits are becoming plentiful.—Southern Cultivator.

The Family Friend says: "We will not say men who plant cotton are treacherous, but we do say, that their judgment is most woefully befogged. Whatever patriotisms they may have possessed has been dispelled by the glimmer of the mighty dollar, a d that for gain, they would, if possible, barter with the King of kings for the 'livory of the court of Heaven,' for the purpose of selling the same, at an advance, to the Devil."

DEATH OF A BRAVE MAN.—We mentioned in yesterday's Express that Lieut. Gambrell, of Mississippi, a Confederate soldier, was killed on Sunday last, about ten miles from the Black River, by the enemy's videttes. A gentleman just from Isle of Wight County gives us the particulars of Lieut. Gambrell's death. They stamp him one of the bravest men this war has produced. Lieut. G. was overhaunted near Barham's Cross Roads, Isle of Wight County, by twenty-one of the enemy, who immediately demanded a surrender. He instantly replied, "I never have surrendered, and never intend to" at the same time drawing his revolver and emptying the barrels of each, before he fell. Seven of the enemy were killed and two wounded in the brief space of four minutes, when the Lieutenant fell mortally wounded. The survivors then repaired to the house of Mrs. Ely, in the immediate vicinity, and told her that a particular friend of hers was lying dead in the road a short distance off, upon asking his name, and being told that it was Lieut. Gambrell, Mrs. Ely replied that she would bury him in her own house. "You ought to," replied the Yankee, "for a braver man never lived," and they then related to Mrs. Ely the particulars of his death, and how desperately he defended himself. A Lieutenant who commanded the gang, said to Mrs. E., that he thought at one time, Gambrell would have killed him, but added, that had he done so, it would have cost his friends to know that he met death at the hands of as brave a man as ever breathed.

True to her pledge, Mrs. Ely procured a cart, and calling upon a couple of ladies in the neighborhood, secured the body, washed it, and with her own hands, assisted by her lady friends, gave the body of Lieut. G. sepulture.—Petersburg Express.

To be Hung.—Two of the Yankee officers now in the Libby prison are shortly to be hanged, in retaliation for the murder by order of Burnside of a recruiting Confederate Captain and Lieutenant, arrested by his order in Tennessee and ignominiously murdered under his recent "Death Order." The Yankee officers of the grade of Captain and Lieutenant are to draw lots for the purpose of determining who shall suffer in their stead. This news, which must prove disagreeable to the officers of the grades mentioned, has been communicated to them. It may delay the departure by flag of truce of the others, some 250 in number. The Yankee boat came to City Point on Sunday, but left without waiting for any prisoners. It is, however, probable that most of the Yankee prisoners will be sent home before the end of this week.

A TATE HONOR.—When Gen. Forrest arrived at Black Creek, three miles from Gadsden, Ala., in hot pursuit of the Vandals, he found his progress checked by a swollen stream and demolished bridge, and a detachment of the enemy lined up to dispute his passage to the opposite side. Ignorant of the fact, if in doubt there was any Gen. Forrest himself rode back in quest of the necessary information. At the first house he made the inquiry whether there was any person who could pilot his command across the stream, to which a young lady replied—no male person being present—that if she had a horse she would accompany and direct him. There being no time for ceremony, Gen. Forrest rode with the pilot, and, behind him, a company of his men, with no more delay, and accompanied by the heroic pilot to serve her country, she at once consented. Her mother, however, overhearing the suggestion, and sensitively alive to her daughter's safety and honor, interposed the objection, "Sir, my child cannot thus accompany a stranger."

"Mush," respectfully urged the far-tamed chieftain, "my name is Forrest, and I will be responsible for this young lady's safety."

"Oh," rejoined the good woman, "if you are Gen. Forrest she can go with you!"

Moored behind the General, she piloted him across the stream, exposed to the whirling bullets of the enemy; nor did she retire from her post of danger until the last man had safely crossed, and the column seen in continuance of its rapid pursuit, accompanied by her earnest prayers for success.

The name of this heroine is Miss Jane Sanson, who deserves to be long and gratefully remembered.—Jacksonville (Ala.) Republican.

HEAVY ROBBERY AND ARREST OF THE THIEF.—The Southern Express Company had \$23,000 stolen on Saturday last between Danville and Richmond by one of the Company's own messengers in whose hands the money was. The messenger, whose name is Wm. Garvey, started from Danville with a safe containing the money, but instead of going to Richmond, got off the train at Barksdale and returned to Danville, sending the safe on to Richmond. On examination when it reached this city, it was ascertained that the money had been stolen, and immediate steps were taken to arrest the thief, which, after a chase as far as Salisbury, N. C., was effected. Seventeen thousand dollars of the money was found upon the person of Garvey and secured. He has been sent to Danville for trial.

General Morgan had another fight with the Yankees the other day, on the Cumberland river, above Carthage. A large force of the enemy moved up the river from Carthage on the 13th, supposed to be going to the assistance of the command defeated by Morgan. It appears that Morgan made the attack and drove them across the river.

CANDIDATES.

For Sheriff.
NAT. RAY, Sr.
T. H. CLARK,
A. P. WEST,
JOHN BLAND,
F. V. COOPER,
J. M. WHITE,
HENRY B. GALLMAN.

For Tax Collectors.
C. M. FAY,
CHARLES CARTER,
BERRY HORNE,
W. H. HOLLOWAY,
BENJ. ROBER,
STARLING TURNER.

For Clerk.
S. HARRISON,
JACKSON COVARR.

Dentistry!

DR. H. PARKER will be in his office regularly each day during the day week, but after that he will only be there occasionally, after his professional engagements throughout the District demand his attention.

Having to pay the highest cash price for Dentistry materials, he will hereafter work ONLY FOR CASH.

Sept 10.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE SUBSIDER OFFER for sale private the HOMESTEAD PLANTATION of Robert Jennings, dec'd., in Edgefield District, containing NINE HUNDRED ACRES.

Situate on Stevens' Creek, on the Road leading from Augusta to Calhoun's Mills, 28 miles from Augusta, and bounded by lands of Dr. J. J. Cartledge, Mrs. Cartledge, C. L. Blair and others.

There are on the place a comfortable Dwelling House and all necessary outbuildings. There are several acres of good bottom land, and a large acer of land some 1000, and about forty in Oaks. The place is well watered and timbered and is in a high state of cultivation.

If a purchaser can be found soon, I will sell with the Homestead five head of Sheep, a flock of Cattle, &c.

Dr. J. J. Cartledge or the Subscriber will take pleasure in showing the place to any one desirous of purchasing an excellent plantation.

Terms easy.

W. D. JENNINGS, Esq.

Mar 4.

State of South Carolina, EDGEFIELD DISTRICT, IN ORDINARY.

Nancy Satcher Applicant
Jesse Satcher, Guardian ad litem.

By an order of the Ordinary, I shall proceed to sell at Edgefield Court House on the first Monday in June next, for Partition, the Real Estate of Robert Satcher, deceased, consisting of a tract or parcel of land lying and being in the District and State aforesaid, containing Two hundred (200) acres, more or less, and bounded by lands of Mrs. Cartledge, Benjamin Cartledge and others.

Terms.—On credit until the first of January next. Purchasers to give Bond with good securities and a Mortgage to the Ordinary to secure the purchase money. Cost to be paid in Cash. Possession to be given on the first of January. Sales expire.

May 11, 1863. 81

L. LEWIS JONES, Adm'r.

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having any demands against the Estate of John A. Crowder, deceased, are requested to present them to the subscriber on or before the 29th day of June, as on that day a final settlement will be made in the Ordinary's Office. Also, all persons indebted to said Estate are solicited to pay up by that time.

W. M. SPEARMAN, Adm'r.

May 5. 8m

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of James C. Henderson, dec'd., are requested to make payment by the 1st day of October, 1863, and those having demands against said Estate are requested to present them forthwith, as I desire to make a final settlement on that day.

L. COLBY, Adm'r.

Oct 1, 1863. 1y

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of John R. Gwaltney, dec'd., are requested to make payment as early as possible. Those having claims against the Estate will present them, previously stated, to Dr. A. G. Trogan, my authorized agent.

LUCY GWALTNEY, Ex'r.

Dec 8, 1862. 1y

NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the Estate of Dr. J. Harwood Burr, dec'd., are notified to present them to the undersigned, as the undersigned is directed to pay the same. Those indebted to said Estate are requested to settle promptly.

W. M. BURT, Ex'r.

Jan 21. 1y

Notice.

ALL persons neglecting or refusing to send their bills to work on the works on the Coates